why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*, id'e ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Gloſt. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeake with *Cornewal*, the deare fate,
Would with the daughter ſpeake, come and tends ſeruiſe,
The fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*,
Mo but not yet may be he is not well,
Infirmitie doth ſtill neglect all office, where to our health
Is boūd, we are not our ſelues, when nature being opreſt
Cōmand the mind to ſuffer with the bodie ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more hedier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit, for the ſound man,
Death on my ſtate, wherfore ſhould he ſit here?
This act perſwades me, that this rēmotion of the Duke
Is practiſe, only giue me my ſeruant forth, (& her
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore ile beat the drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.

Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart, my heart.

Fooſe. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Coknay did to the eeles, when ſhe put vm it'h paſt aliue, ſhe rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ſtick, and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pure kindnes to his horſe buttered his hay,

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Hayle to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to ſee your highnes.

Lear. *Regan* I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo, if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would deuoſe me from thy mothers fruit,
Sepulchring an adultreſſe, yea are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter is naught, oh *Regan* ſhe hath tyed,
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnes, like a vulture heare,
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thout not beleeue,
Of how deptoued a qualitie, O *Regan*.

Reg.